

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### Every Man's Duty.

The fates that sow select the plow.  
That cuts the cleanest furrow;  
The man is only all a man,  
Whose work is clean and thorough;  
And the fates that reap for the harvest  
sweep.

Aye choose the keenest sickle;  
The man is only half a man  
Whose course is weak and fickle.

They err who deem life's busy stream  
But meant for craft and power;  
No honest work so cheap and mean  
But bath its solemn hour;  
For the lowly poor in walks obscure  
Have still their human duty.  
As well as those who stately ways  
Move on in light and beauty.

Do well your work, as porter, clerk,  
Longshoreman, groom, or carter,  
The crown of toil is worn as oft  
In sweat of brow as barker;  
Blunt duty takes all sorts of tracks—  
Broad, narrow, dry or muddy;  
As much of conscience may be thrown  
In workshop as in study.

Work without flaws the cut-down draws  
From hands that stir and blunder,  
The chiefest cause for making laws  
Against false pretense and plunder  
Springs out of sloth and folly, both  
With naught but scorn before them,  
All honest wages scorn unless  
You give good labor for them.

The toil you use in pegging shoes,  
Or welding pick or shovel,  
As much as that of pen and brain  
May glorify a livelihood.  
And mean and base to all his race  
To alien and to neighbor,  
Is he who in his heart denies  
The dignity of labor.

Then, though you toil above the soil,  
Or underneath it burrow  
In mines and tunnels, always let  
Your work be clean and thorough.  
Humility's a family trait,  
Requiring honest duty  
Of little twigs, as well as boughs  
That wave in strength and beauty.

## STORY TELLER.

### Deaf, but not Dumb.

WHAT A PAIR OF PATENT EAR-  
DRUMS REVEALED.

I was deaf. Not as deaf as an adder or a post, nor yet as a beetle or a stone wall; but still undeniably deaf. So deaf was I that it was with difficulty I could tell what my dearest friend was saying without watching closely the motion of the lips, thus bringing into exercise two senses instead of one.

Added to this, I was an orphan, albeit with plenty of means to come and go among my relatives and friends as it suited my inclinations; though my home I made from choice with a maternal aunt, of whom I was devotedly fond, and whom, until the eventful night of which I am about to speak, I always supposed reciprocated my affection with tenfold ardor.

At twenty I was somewhat above the medium height, dark, with a tendency to paleness, moderately good-looking and—unmarried, though, I confess with a blush, I was engaged to a gentleman who, in spite of my affliction, had importuned me to become his wife. I felt happy and proud that I was soon to be the wife of a man so handsome and popular and agreeable as Clarence Dexter.

Our marriage, it had been determined, should take place in the early spring, but during the previous winter I went on a long promised visit to a friend whom I had not seen for several years.

But I was well repaid for my visit, for Abbie Winters, my old-time school-mate and friend, was overjoyed to see me, but could ill cover her surprise at my increased deafness since she had seen me last. I soon discovered that it wearied her to talk to me, though she tried nobly to conceal it, and did everything in her power to amuse and divert me. But I was sensitive and keenly alive to the least suspicion of ennu on the part of my victimized entertainers. I felt for them in their kindly efforts, even as they felt for me in my misfortune. Oh, if could but hear!

But one night, when I had been with my friend about three weeks, something happened that changed the whole current of my life. Among the visitors who frequented Mrs. Winters's hospitable house was a gentleman who, from the first, seemed to take the warmest interest in me, and always treated me with marked courtesy and consideration. Walter Peyton was a man whom to look at was to instinctively trust. His whole countenance indicated genuineness, and an honest hatred of insincerity and dissimulation. Extensive travel had added an ease and gallantry to manners naturally reserved, and without ostentation or conceit he was entertaining and brilliant in conversa-

tion—the well-bred gentleman always without affectation.

One evening, when we were talking, he produced from his pocket a tiny paper box, which he said he had brought expressly for me, and which contained something, he felt sure, that would benefit, if not entirely cure me of the deafness from which I was suffering. Upon opening it I found reposing upon pink cotton two curious little contrivances which Mr. Peyton explained were artificial ear-drums. They had been given to him by a friend in Paris, who assured him that he had known of many cases of deafness being entirely cured by the use of them.

They were certainly harmless-looking little things, being composed of tiny round pieces of the most delicate and transparent India-rubber, with fine, hair-like silver wire fastened to the centre like the stem to a mushroom or the handle to a lady's parasol. These simple little things were introduced into the ear when the drum was affected, restoring the hearing in a certain and miraculous manner. He wished me to experiment with them, and I immediately made the trial.

Oh, joy of joys! In a single instant my deaf ears were unstopped, and I heard distinctly every thing that was going on about me, from the rustling of dead leaves without the casement to the ticking of the clock in the adjoining room. The sensation was so new and strange that it was almost painful, and I involuntarily put my hands to my ears to shut out the sounds, while the glad tears came into my eyes. I could have wept for joy.

Mr. Peyton was likewise affected from sympathy, and an inexpressible light shone in his handsome dark eyes as he offered his hand in congratulation. The experiment was indeed a wonderful success.

Nearly all night I lay awake thinking over the miracle that had been wrought. What would Clarence and my dear aunt and cousins say when they heard of it? I resolved not to write them, but to keep my great happiness to myself until I could see them and prove the truth and certainty of the cure. I had intended to extend my visit a week longer, but with the knowledge of my secret and the anticipation of the surprise and delight of my friends at home I concluded to go earlier, and accordingly left the next day but one. As Mr. Peyton was out of town I did not see him to say good-by, but left my grateful adieu with Mrs. Winter for him.

From fear of losing the precious ear-drums if I wore them, I placed them carefully in the little box and carried them in my hand-bag. When I arrived at home the next night about 8 o'clock the house was ablaze with light, and from my aunt's holiday attire when she met me at the door I rightly surmised she was expecting company.

"Go to your room at once, my dear," she said, smiling sweetly, but in a somewhat constrained voice; "you must be very weary. I will send you up tea, and then, if you are rested, you must come down."

I hurried upstairs, fearful of being seen by the first arrivals. My first care was to examine my bag to assure myself of the safety of my treasure; and while waiting the arrival of the promised tea I slipped the ear-drums into my ears, in order to test their efficacy once more and convince myself of their perfect working.

What was it that I heard? In the adjoining room my aunt was talking to my cousin Minerva, and I was the subject of their conversation.

"Wretched nuisance!" said my aunt, impatiently; "was there ever such ill luck! I expected to wear her diamond crescent to-night, when, behold, my lady must appear upon the scene, a regular spoil-sport, as usual."

"Just like her," broke in Minerva, sentimentally; "she always had a faculty for making herself disagreeable. Why couldn't she have stayed where she was a few days longer, and given us a slight respite? I am weary to death yelling and shrieking at her."

"Oh, well," sighed my aunt, resignedly, "we may as well make up our minds to be victimized. What cannot be cured must be endured. She will have to live with us until she is married."

"Which outlook seems rather dubious, if I am any judge," interposed Minerva. "Mark my word, Clarence Dexter is getting woefully disgusted with her and himself too. Only last evening he said—"

The rest of the speech was lost in

the rattling of dishes as the servant entered the room with the tea-tray.

How I wished that Minerva had been permitted to finish the sentence. What was it that Clarence had said? Could he, would he, discuss me with my cousin, whatever she asserted I would not believe it. Clarence was true and noble, of that I was sure; but why had I come home to hear those spiteful, unkind words uttered by my haughty cousin?

When the noise of dishes had ceased, and the girl had left the room, I heard my aunt go down stairs with the parting injunction to Minerva: "Well, dear, be gracious to her, and make the best of it. Your cousin is wealthy and is courted for her money, but you know she is delicate, and has no constitution, and if anything should happen—"

Oh, my aunt, my cruel, cold-hearted aunt! Could you not have spared me that last parting pang? I sank back in my chair and covered my face with my hands, indulging in a bitter and heart-sick reverie. I heard the ringing of the door-bell downstairs, and the second of music and laughter, but my aunt's heartless words rang in my ears, and for the first time I regretted that my deaf ears were opened. If only I had no heard.

As the evening wore on a messenger arrived from below. "Would I be kind enough to appear in the drawing-room? A gentleman was waiting to see me."

My heart gave a great bound. Clarence wanted me! Clarence was waiting for me! He, at least, was generous and true. Ah, yes, I was sure of it. I had thought of excusing myself, but now my resolution was taken. I would dress and go down, and when the opportunity presented would tell Clarence all. To him at least I could pour out my heart.

In a short time I was ready and descended the stairs. A group of young people were in the hall below, among them my dearest friend, Amy Wallace.

"Ah, here is Miss Waring," exclaimed one of the young ladies, nodding graciously up to me as I descended.

"Julia Waring!" cried Amy, excitedly. "Good heavens, what a bore! Let me escape, or I shall be talked hoarse in less than five minutes."

"What a lovely dress, and how becoming those carnations are to her dark complexion."

"Yes, but what a pity she is so fearfully deaf."

These and similar remarks greeted my ready ears, as I bowed consciously to the group and made my way to the drawing-room.

"Ah, here comes the truant at last!" exclaimed my aunt, taking me by the hand and drawing me towards her. Then in a high-pitched voice she announced: "My niece, Miss Waring, Mr. Peyton."

Our eyes met, and as I noticed the smile on Walter Peyton's face my cheeks flushed painfully.

"I am very happy to see you," I said, formally offering my hand in a timid, embarrassed manner, and wondering how he had come here to-night of all other nights in the world.

But where was Clarence, for whom I was looking?

He seemed to divine my thoughts. "I came to see you," he said; "to take notes secretly upon the success of the experiment."

"My niece is deaf!" shrieked my aunt. "You will have to talk louder if you expect to make her hear what you say." She seemed to forget that Mr. Peyton was not similarly afflicted.

"I think I shall have no difficulty in making Miss Waring hear," he said, in a low tone, drawing my hand through his arm and leading me to the conservatory.

### How They Get India-Rubber in Africa.

Having passed fully three years on the south-west coast of Africa as trader for an English firm, says a recent writer, I will endeavor to describe the manner in which india-rubber is procured in that country, as india-rubber forms the staple product of the district where I was located.

The natives are in a very rude, uncivilized condition. They have no currency, and do all business by bartering the native products for manufactured stuffs. Their wealth consists chiefly in the number of slaves they possess, who fish, hunt and keep their plantations in good order.

When rubber has to be collected, from four to ten slaves get their flint mus-

kets in order, each carrying in addition a long sword-shaped knife, called a machete, a number of calabashes, or jars, to collect the juice of the rubber vine, and a little food that has been cured in smoke, as they can find plenty of sustenance in "the bush," or wild country, without carrying it about with them from place to place.

The vines are in some cases near to the towns, but generally the natives have to go several days' journey into the bush before they can sit down and commence business. The vine itself is of a rough, knotty nature, about as thick as a man's arm, and grows to a length of fully two hundred feet. Its leaves are glossy, like those of the South American rubber tree, and a large fruit, much liked by the natives, is gathered from it. I have tasted it and found it very palatable, being slightly acid. This vine (what its scientific name is I don't know) yields several grades of rubber, each of different commercial value, the best quality being taken from the highest part, and the poorest from the bottom.

With their knives, or machetes, the natives slash the vine in several places, and put broad leaves directly underneath the wounds for the juice to drop on, and, being of a strong, adhesive nature, none of this becomes lost. When the top part of the vine is bled calabashes are placed with their openings to the wounds, so that none of it may drop on the branches of the tree and so get lost; but it is not often they trouble themselves climbing, unless the vines happen to be scarce in the vicinity. The entire day they devote to cutting; next day they gather what was cut the day previous, and so on. Each evening, after collecting, they put all the juice they have into several iron pots or earthen vessels of native manufacture and boil it; at the same time they can greatly improve the lowest quality by adding a little salt; and the more they boil the juice, the better it becomes. When sufficiently boiled, the water is poured off and the juice is allowed to cool, when it is fashioned, according to the grade—ball, flake, mixed or tongue—and is ready for the market.

In this way about twenty or thirty pounds a day are generally collected. It is then taken to the factory, and there exchanged for guns, cloth, rum, etc. When it is received at the factory, it is carefully marked, classed, weighed and put into casks for shipment. It contains so much water that twenty per cent is deducted from the weight of each cask, as that is about the amount of sprinklage on the voyage. This is however, a loss to the native, as it is deducted when selling.

Josh Billings's Philosophy.

Advice is the most plentiful of all things; it grows on the bushes by the wayside, "and the wayfaring man, tho a fool, may not err."

It is possible for a man to be better than all other men, but not wiser. Reputations are of a slow growth, but notoriety is a fungus, born in a night, and gone before the setting of the next sun.

The simple things are the most difficult to comprehend; it is easier to analyze a mountain than an oyster. God may be able to make something more detestable than an ungrateful man, but He certainly has not done it yet.

Punning is a short-lived victory; words never can take the place of ideas, and hold it long.

The worst enemy a man has is himself; the next worse is his brother man. If this is true, the outlook is not cheerful.

Dogs are seldom seen following rich men.

Truth is as old as eternity, and travels without a staff yet.

What a woman lacks in invention she amply compensates for in execution.

It is not only the most difficult thing to know oneself, but the most inconvenient one, too.

Politeness is either the kindness or the gallantry or the heart.

Necessity has a short-kneed, and generally executes it.

A genuine poet is a man of genius, and that is about all it is safe to say about him.

I have oftener been able to trace profuseness to vanity than to envy generous impulse or the heart.

Ridicule is only legitimate when levelled against folly or vice.

To the credit of humanity be it spoken, though they admire wealth, they respect virtue.

When I believe that one man's verdict in the jury-box is worth more than the other eleven, then I shall

join the Jack Fallstaff retinue of infidelity.

Envy kind or culture to a certain extent, is praiseworthy, but too often the sensible is sacrificed to the simply sentimental.

Rhetoric is often mistaken for eloquence; there is as much difference as between an old-fashioned Fourth of July oration and a little child's rehearsal of the Lord's Prayer.

The shorter the creed, the easier to follow, and the more charity there is likely to be in it.

Buty in man is an infringement on woman's patent.

If mankind could only take their possessions with them, the world would have been impoverished ages ago.

Success is simple, and this is why so many miss it.

## HIS LAST COURT.

Old Judge Grepson, a justice of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, before the "carpet beggars" began their reckless way, and year after year, by the will of voters he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his court never joked with him, because everyone soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening, just at a certain time, he closed his books and went home. No one ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in this city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits to those who even lived in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having been summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of the "hard justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts. He showed no sentiment in decision. He stood upon the platform of a law which he made a study, and no man disputed him.

Several days ago, a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a court much longer."

"I am not well to-day," said the Judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any case that you may have, you will please despatch them to the best, and let me add, the quickest of your ability."

Everyone saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to almost reverence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the Judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defence Your Honor," the woman replied. "In fact I do not think I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on charge of disturbing the peace, and I am willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, Judge, and I know that any ruling made by the law can have but little effect on me," and she coughed, a hollow, vacant cough, and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued: "As I say no man can defend me. I am to near that awful approach to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise; I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was the admired of all the gay society known in our neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, Judge, to excite your sympathy. I have many and many a time been drawn before courts but I never before spoke of my past life." She coughed again and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know that this is the

last court on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with the man. My father said he was in bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said that he should come no more, I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride and had loved him so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home—my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer was, 'I do not know you!' My husband died—yes, cursed God and died. Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy, I went out into the world. My child died, and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but the answer was: 'I know not those who disobey my commandments.' I turned away from that letter hardened. I embraced sin. I rushed madly into vice. I spurned my teachings. I was time and time again arrested. Now I am here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "He is dead." The woman was his daughter!

## The Greatest.

The greatest thing in the world is the falls of Niagara.

The largest cavern, the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky.

The most extensive deposits of anthracite coal are in Pennsylvania.

The largest river, the Mississippi, four thousand miles in extent.

The largest valley, that of the Mississippi; its area five million square miles.

The greatest city park, that of Philadelphia—containing twenty seven hundred acres.

The greatest grain port, Chicago.

The largest lake, Lake Superior.

The longest railroad, the Pacific; three thousand miles in extent.

The most huge mass of iron is Pilot Knob, of Missouri; height, two hundred and forty feet; circumference, two miles.

The best specimen of architecture, Girard College, of Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct, the Croton, of New York; length forty and one-half miles; cost, twelve million and five hundred thousand dollars.

The longest bridge, the elevated railroad, over Third Avenue, New York City; its extent from the Battery to the Harlem River, the whole length of the eastern side of Manhattan Island, seven miles long, or nearly forty thousand yards. The longest bridge over water, however, will be that now being constructed over the Volga, in Russia, at a point where the river is nearly four miles wide.

## The Herat Valley.

The Herat valley must now be much less populous than when a Persian army of 100,000 men lived and subsisted in it for nearly two years. The population of the city is not more than 15,000. Although the valley of Herat is fertilized by numerous streams from the Heri Kood, and its rich black soil has abundant fertility, it has few indications of prosperous vitality; it had as we looked on it an aspect of desolation, of decay. If the disintegration of the city walls has not seriously advanced, it can not be said that they are perfect, or that the defenses are complete. On the villages a lifeless blank appears to have fallen; the less attention paid to their defenses may be due to peace, to the sense of security that has arisen, but the energies that were engaged and strained in the preservation of existence do not now appear to be directed to any peaceful production. In many respects the position of the city of Herat is disappointing. The city is not strong for defense, altho' a mud-walled city of mud houses may offer more resistance than more formidable looking stone defenses. There are in the valley many positions from which to strike the city, and the Afghans appear to be sensible of this. I have no doubt that the government of Abdurrahman, which has done so much to pacify and organize Afghanistan, has not overlooked and will not neglect the defenses of Herat; still, a town girdled by villages can not be considered strong.—Correspondence of the London Standard.

## Inventions of Half a Century.

The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but looking back for half a hundred years; how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty recorded in history! The perfection of the locomotive, and the now world-traversing steamships, the telegraph, the telephone, the autophone, the sewing machine, the typograph, the cylinder printing press, chromo-lithograph printing, the elevator for hotels and other many-storied buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning-jenny, the reaper, the mower, the steam thrasher, the steam fire engine, the improved process for making steel, the application of ether and chloroform to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention and discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is only trembling on the verge of successful experiment; the introduction of steam from a great central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed as among the coming events; the artificial production of butter has already created a consternation among dairymen; the navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be perfigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is now clearly indicated by the march of experiment. There are some problems which we have hitherto deemed impossible of solution, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or the telephone? We talk by cable with an ocean rolling between; we speak in our voices to friends a hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivaling the most solid and crystalline productions of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arm to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, delivers to you, folded and counted, many thousands per hour. Of a verity, this is the age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping place yet.—Ex.

## Does it Pay to be a Loafer?

Does the young man who insists on being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loafing is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is expensive to be a loafer. It costs time in the first place—days, weeks and months of it; in fact, about all the time he has, for no man can afford to be a first class loafer without devoting his entire time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, drinking, or reflection we expect that the loafer can always find time to drink, whenever invited, at the cost of friends. It costs money, for though the loafer may not earn a cent, or have one for months, the time lost might have procured him much money if devoted to industry, instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honor, dignity, self-respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally all consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is cheaper.

## How to Build Houses.

The publisher has sent us a copy of a new book, with the above title. It contains plans and specifications for twenty-five houses of all sizes, from two rooms up. Also engravings, showing the appearance of houses built from the plans given. In addition it gives the quantity of material required to construct the houses; has valuable information on subjects relative to building and building contracts, and much information of permanent and practical value, that cannot fail to be of value to those who intend to build.

It will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents, by GEO. W. OGILVIE, 230 LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1885.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.00. Clubs of ten, 1.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariably. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

The Advance man seems to have struck upon the brilliant idea of explaining the cause of the meagre responses to calls for contributions to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. He begins by saying that "no class of people are so grateful as the deaf and dumb," and then adds: "The deaf and dumb have done very little toward helping along the Gallaudet statue project. It does not follow that they are obtinate and ungrateful. The scarcity of funds is prevalent throughout all benevolent missions, for this has been occasioned by the stagnation of business. This accounts for the reason why deaf mutes cannot help themselves."

The foregoing reasons certainly cannot very well be combated. When a man does not want to part with a dollar it is very convenient to say he can't spare it, and nobody can prove the contrary. It is our opinion that the scarcity of contributions is the result of a lack of interest in the project, rather than a lack of funds. If the deaf and dumb were one half as generous and self-sacrificing as was Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the necessary sum could be secured long before this summer's flowers have lost their sweet perfume.

A MAN in Michigan who has been personating a deaf-mute, stands forth as the solitary case of imposition that deserves no censure. He worked as a printer for six weeks without being detected, and would probably never have been suspected had he chosen to keep his secret. An impostor who works instead of soliciting alms is indeed a curiosity; but this one had an object in view, which was to discover the individual who had been robbing the United States Mail Service. He was, in fact, a postal detective, and played the deaf-mute role until success crowned his efforts. If we are to have any more impostors, we hope their mission will be as laudable as that of the "deaf and dumb printer," who scared his employer by suddenly demonstrating his ability to speak.

THERE are over twenty-five societies and associations of deaf mutes in the United States, nearly all of which have for their object literary culture. A great deal of good is done by these organizations, and we venture to say there is not one but deserves encouragement. It is a matter of regret that in some localities the better educated stand aloof from their less favored brethren, and in a measure retard the progress which the society otherwise might make. Perhaps it would not be amiss to remind these specially gifted ones, that although they may gain nothing by becoming members, the majority might learn something from them.

It appears that the standing notice at the head of this column, which gives the terms under which communications will be printed is very often overlooked or disregarded. Time and again we have received letters which we would be glad to publish if the writer had revealed his identity. But not knowing from whom they came, we have reluctantly been obliged to send them to the waste basket. Any person who expects that an anonymous letter sent to this paper will receive attention, is laboring under a misapprehension that demands correction. We know it takes time and postage stamps to send such letters, but we require some other guarantee of good faith than a two-cent postage stamp. Writers will find it to their advantage to enclose their names when sending items for publication. By neglecting to do so, they only defeat their own object, and must remember that if their correspondence does not appear in print, the fault is not ours but their own.

# ITEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to settle claims of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for and benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends this readers will keep us supplied with items for our column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. P. M. Parcells is visiting friends in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Minnie Morgan, a mute lady, lives near Newton Harvey County, Kansas.

Herbert L. Grigsby, of Larned, Kan., wishes to know the address of M. J. Smith.

Charles W. Longenberger, and wife formerly of Watsontown, have moved to Muncy, Pa.

Herbert L. Grigsby and Fred Davis have not seen each other, though they are in Pawnee County, Kansas.

Hiram F. Brown is working in a door, sash and blind factory, in Nashua, N. H. There are several deaf-mutes in Nashua, all of whom are getting along well.

Mrs. Marian Cilley, a much respected deaf mute lady, aged 61 years, died suddenly, at her home, of heart disease, on April 19th. She leaves a husband and two children.

### Stricken Deaf and Dumb and Blind.

EMPORIA, KAN., April 25.—This community is excited over the case of Harry Lebridey who is said to have become deaf, dumb and blind in consequence of a stroke of paralysis, but is able to read large print and recognize people, apparently by his keen sense of touch. His physician, family, and other friends declare that there is no deception.

### West Boxford, Mass.

A quiet and novel marriage took place Thursday forenoon, April 23d, at the residence of Rev. Samuel Rowe.

Rev. Mr. Rowe, a deaf-mute, united in marriage Mr. Clarence Logan and Miss Sarah Wright, both deaf-mutes.

To be present in the midst of this deaf mute family was the privilege of a few hearing friends, to whom the silence of this service was a marked feature, thereby rendering it a sight which will not soon fade from memory.

The reverent and impressive manner of the clergyman and his graceful rendering of the sign language, all plainly showed that the nuptial band could not be strengthened by the voice and words of a most eloquent speaker.—*Georgetown, Mass., Advocate*.

### She Lost Her All.

(N. Y. Herald, April 27)

She was an odd little old lady. Her face was as dried up and withered as a neglected pippin that had been left out in the orchard. And there were a good many other indications about her that she had been left out in the cold, in a metaphorical way. Everything she wore, from the shabby little red hood to the rusty old black dress, showed unmistakable signs of a hard battle with the world—hard only for her, but it was understood.

For all this down-at-the-heel appearance there was a kindly look at her watery blue eyes, and her manner indicated that she had once been much more trim than in her later days, just like the funny little leather reticule which she carried, and which was brown and dog-eared through long service.

There was such an appealing, hopeless look of utter misery about the battered old face that it was impossible not to ask her what the matter was. A little gleam of hope lit up the wrinkles a little as she quickly produced a scrap of paper and a pencil from the reticule and indicated to her questioner that he was to write. He had not bargained for a correspondence, and was about to hurry away when an appealing look came into the dim eyes, which had a queer, unmistakable suggestiveness of the longing look of a pet setter. That settled it. He wrote, "What is the matter?"

She looked disappointed and wrote the answer out on scraps of paper. She had to, for she was as deaf as the reticule itself and nearly as dumb. She cried some, too, and big tears coursed down the little face and splashed on the scraps of paper and the lenses in the cheap iron bonnet spectacles became very misty at times and required much wiping with the end of the hood, and the cause of all this bother was—that she had lost her dog! Benevolence that feels itself taken in gets mad, and the reporter was about to start away more than ever disgusted with women who have dogs for pets when the little old lady turned away resignedly, but showing evidences of real grief. Then her story came out slowly and not altogether plainly on the tear-blotted scraps of paper. Occasionally she would mumble a few words.

The little old lady's name was Mrs. Mary Borland, and she was Scotch. She was of a good family, and in the course of events was married and brought to America by her husband. About all her husband did for her importance to the story was to receive in the head the ball from a Modesto rifle while in the army. The government's bounty of \$8 a month is now her only support. Since her husband died she has had few friends except Nellie, Nellie, a little black and tan, has grown old and toothless and was getting gray on her long, slim nose; but Nellie was the only living thing she saw who understood her. She was too deaf to have women friends, but Nellie could tell what she was thinking of just by looking in her face, and she could tell what Nellie was thinking of. Nellie knew all that was said, and was sympathetic, too, rejoicing or weeping as fortune smiled or frowned. Lately the poor dog had not done much but moan and cry.

A week ago last Saturday came an unusually day. The little old lady was living at the corner of Macdonald and Bleeker streets. She missed Nellie's good morning kiss and, moreover, she missed Nellie. The dog, that only reminder of misty Scotland and bygone days, had been stolen. Subsequent investigation proved this and that Nellie had been sold. For how much she knew not.

But poor as she is she will pay the same amount to get Nellie back. Though she starve for months, though she shiver and shake in the cold March winds and have not a place to lay her head, yet Nellie is more dear to her than all else.

Perhaps that purchaser of Nellie will be lenient when he sees the heart-broken little old woman who has recently come from the Charity Hospital with a terrible cancer under her lip and the com. forcing assurance that it is incurable.

Mrs. Borland can be addressed in care of J. McCall, No. 25 Beaver street.

Patton, change pitcher, and felder of the Concord, is deaf and dumb.—*Boston Herald*.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald wishes it known to his many friends that he has moved to No. 253 W. 14th St., New York City.

Mr. Jas. McMechen, assisted by Mrs. Amanda Tuttle, late of New Orleans, have opened a No 1 lish foundry in Birmingham, Ala.

The Alabama Institution will close its doors on the 12th of next month. Carpenters will immediately thereafter renovate the buildings.

It is rumored that a well known mute, living not 1,000 miles from Boston, was arrested last week and sent to jail for non-payment of his house rent. We refrain from giving his name, for several good reasons.

The Washington Star of May 4th, contains the following:—A colored deaf and dumb man, thought to be insane, escaped from the Washington Asylum (Reformatory) Saturday night about eleven o'clock, wrapped in a blanket and sheet. He was found running over the streets of East Washington and taken to the 8th Precinct Station, whence he subsequently returned to that Institution.

The Alabama correspondent, of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Edward Dunderon, the well-known deaf-mute pitcher, in Birmingham, Ala., Sunday before last. He seemed to be very popular with his nine—quite a number of the boys converse on their fingers. He contemplates taking in Cuba and Texas, before he returns home at the end of the base ball season.

Miss Atleather J. Aitchison left the Virginia Institution on Friday for home, having improved so as to enable her to make the journey to Alexandria. This young lady leaves her school much deplored, and with the sympathies of numerous friends and acquaintances which she has made during her stay at Stanton, late accounts from Alexandria report him to be some what better, yet her physician is inclined to think the art is of a renovation.

A deaf and dumb printer, who worked five weeks on the White Pigeon Journal, nearly frightened the manager out of his wits the other day by suddenly demanding his time and announcing that he was going to leave. He was a postal detective on the war path for a couple of young men who were using the mails for wrong purposes, and, having captured his men, he took them to Indianapolis.—*Lansing (Mich.) Republican*.

George Perkins is still at home with his parents, in Alfred Centre, N. Y. He has made about four hundred pounds of nice maple syrup this spring, and is now at work with his father helping build a new house and barn. He will also help do the work on his father's farm. It affords George great pleasure to gather in at harvest time a large store of good things from the garden and field for winter use. He would be glad to hear by letter from his old classmates, Messrs. Noble and Hunt. He has not heard from them in a long time.

The Catholic deaf-mutes have secured Bay View Park, 60th Street, and Third Avenue, Brooklyn, for a picnic on Saturday, August 15th. The signers of the agreement were Messrs. J. F. O'Neil, William Ennis, and Edward Dunlap. Bay View Park is now conceded to be the handsomest and most comfortable park in Brooklyn, being similar to the Washington Park in New York in one respect, being entirely enclosed with glass partitions, so in case the day is cold it can be made cozy and comfortable. A beautiful view of New York Bay and the Narrows being obtainable. One of the pleasantest things connected with picnics held in this park, is the delightful ride along the shore of the Bay.

The readers of your valuable paper will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Fanny Smithson. Mr. Joseph H. Vance received a letter dated April 10th, from her brother, Mr. Alex. Gordon, of Hamilton, Ohio, concerning her death. She died on Easter Sunday, at 12:45 A.M., at the residence of her brother Frederick, in Philadelphia. Her remains were brought to Hamilton, where she resided, for burial. A post mortem examination revealed a small growth of bone at the base of skull which they supposed was caused by a blow which she received from a fall on the icy stone steps a year ago last winter. She received the best medical attention, but their efforts met with no success. Her death was peculiarly sad and sudden. She bore her suffering with fortitude and peace. The deceased was an estimable lady, well-known in our community and very highly respected by all, who mourn the loss of a good friend, whose absence creates a void vacancy in their midst. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.—*J. B.*

### ELEVATED FOR TWO MONTHS.

BUSINESS SIGNS THAT FAILED TO BRING IN THE NEEDFUL.

"I came here," he explained to the Police Judge the other morning, "to hang out a sign of 'I am blind,' but I had scarcely got off the train when I found two chaps working the racket. Too much blindness arouses public suspicion."

"Was that the only opening?"

"No, sir. I started out to tie my head and arm up and work the 'Help this poor man who was hurt in a railroad accident,' but the two best corners in the town were occupied. One fellow had been crushed by a saw log and the other had been terribly burned while rearing a baby."

"Pity the poor fire sufferers!" sighed his Honor.

"About the only thing left," continued the man, "was to be 'born deaf and dumb,' but while I was getting a placard printed by a grocer's clerk the owner of the store came in and said he had just seen two such chaps walked to the station. Then it was either go to work or come here and be sent up."

"And you couldn't work?"

"Well, I was wearing a placard reading: 'This man would work for 25 cents per day but for his poor health,' when the officer collared me. Guess you'll have to make an opening for me somewhere."

His Honor gave him a placard reading: "This unfortunate person has been elevated for two months."—*Detroit Free Press*.

### RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1885.

VICTIM NO. 11.

A deaf and dumb man was killed on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad one day last week.

### Notice.

On Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., Prof. T. F. Fox, of "Fairwood" will deliver a lecture before the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, at its rooms in Grandis Hall, Myrtle Avenue, between Bridge and Dufrid Streets, on the following subject:—"Forms of Punishment."

All mutes and their friends are invited to attend. Admission, 10 cents.

GEORGE LUCAS REYNOLDS, Secretary pro tem.

# NEW ENGLAND.

## "Hypo's" Letter from the Green Mountains.

### DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

#### A Trip in Detail.

(From our regular correspondent.)

In the Western Central part of the State of New Hampshire on the east bank of the Connecticut River, lies the little town of Hanover, famous for its being the seat of the college, fourth in importance as a seat learning, in the United States—Dartmouth College. Incorporated in 1770, it ranks with Harvard and Yale in age. It comprises an Academical department—Dartmouth College proper—the Chandler Scientific School, Dartmouth Medical College, the New Hampshire College of Agricultural and Mining Arts, and the Thayer School of Civil Engineering. It will therefore be seen that is a large institution.

Now I will say a few words of how it is reached from New York. On last Monday afternoon, about four thirty, all was bustle and activity at the Norwich Line pier, No. 40, foot of Watts Street, in New York. The "City of Worcester" was getting ready to sail, bound for New-England. On the dock your "Cor" was conversing with two JOURNAL correspondents who had come down to see him off. I would give their *noms-de-plume*, but for the fact that they have several. They are irregular correspondents, and write so infrequently that they forget the *nom-de-plume* used for the previous contribution, but nevertheless they are "good fellows." Their respective employers let them off on furlough.

At five, the old but reliable craft headed for mid-stream and our friends on the dock shed tears (at least we thought so, but it may have been occasioned by spray coming from a neighboring pumping engine) The trip up the East River and sound was uneventful. The night was a clear moonlight one, and scarce a ripple disturbed the sometimes turbulent waters. A hearty supper on board was summarily disposed of, and donning an overcoat, we assisted the deck-watch or look-out, in his laborious duties of walking across the bow of the steamer. A merry party were in the main cabin—and the evening passed very pleasantly. All hands were called at 3:30 A.M., some taking the 4 A.M. train for Boston, and others to await the 5 A.M. express for all points North.

Your correspondent disregarded the early call, but his travelling companion, Mr. C. Lane, fared better, having got up early. However, we managed to catch the five o'clock train, but such to his disappointment did not manage to catch any breakfast. We just caught the train in time, and we left New London, a short ride up the Thames brought us to Norwich. Here a little fruit was obtained in lieu of breakfast, and our train sped rapidly on towards Williamstown, Conn. Knowing the train stopped here a few minutes your report managed to keep awake, not without some difficulty, however. When the station was reached, we were not long in making for the restaurant, and sang out "Cap Coffee—Mutton chops."

With one eye on the train and the other on the waiter, we patiently waited a few minutes. Coffee came on—tasted it—not. Thought we'd let it cool a bit—then the infernal train moved off and we had to run to catch it. What we said and what we thought at paying a neat little sum for a sip of hot coffee, we will let go unrecorded, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that the train stopped at Palmer, Mass., for half an hour, and that we would get there by eight o'clock, when it was reached we did ample justice to our long denied meal and had plenty of time to look around the depot, and surrounding. It occurred to me then that I had met a mute there last year, named Carlin, a brakeman on freight cars. Hunted him up, and he recollected us. He is a handsome looking fellow. Says he is going to be married soon, but won't tell to whom. We left him and our lightning express (so the New London Northern Rail Road people call it) but hardly worthy of the name. There is and old tradition that nothing on wheels goes slow as a Brooklyn street car, and I have been guilty of making the same statement. I take it all back. There is something that goes slower. It's a New London Northern Railroad Express train. The first important stop after leaving is Amherst, where Amherst College and the State Agricultural College is located. We then passed numerous towns and arrived at Brattleboro, Vt., a manufacturing town, whose principal trade is in Organs and Sewing Machines. Here we left our "lightning express" and took the Central Vermont Railroad. After an hour's ride we arrived at Bellows Falls and "twenty minutes for dinner" was announced. A person gets interested in charming scenery on the road, and in his fellow-travellers, and in the many objects containing met with but nothing interests one so much as "twenty minutes for dinner." The station here is a small one but the dinner served is good, an additional zest being put to it by the charming rose-cheeked Vermont girls who form the principal part of the bill of fare. I don't mean that you eat them, but if you don't find yourself spending more time in watching them, than you do in disposing of the dinner before you, why you differ

from the general—but I am digressing. The time up, we proceeded on our journey, and reached White River Junction, parties going west change here. North bound passengers change for the Passumpsic Railroad, for Hanover, St Albans, Montpelier and Montreal. We arrived at Norwich, Vt., at two o'clock in the afternoon, just twenty-two hours from New York. We embarked on one of the two mail coaches that look like the New York Hotel coaches, and drove over Connecticut River and up hill to our destination, Hanover. Our business was probably keep us here until the 10th of May, when we return to Gotham.

Among the students here are Mr. Arthur D. Hawley, a nephew of Gen. R. Hawley, editor of the Hartford *Courant*. I had the pleasure of meeting him as a Junior at Williams College, and was glad to revive the acquaintance with him as a Dartmouth Senior. Mr. H. is very popular wherever he goes, and in addition to being a perfect specimen of manhood, is an Adonis in appearance.

Mr. A. H. Armes, '85, of Nashua, N. H., is another very fine fellow whom one feels it an honor to know.

Messrs. Whipple, '85, and Edwards, '86, in addition to the foregoing, are very fine men, and all are expert with the finger language.

On Saturday the Dartmouths played the Boston Unions, and came out with a score of 6 to 3 in favor of the Boston's. This speaks volumes for the Dartmouths. The game was a brilliant one, and exciting throughout. In connection with the game the following poem might come in appropriate.

SATURDAY A.M.  
"Jolly Dartmouth student,  
Frolicsome and gay,  
Beteth on the Dartmouths,  
Shakels large to-day."

P.M.  
Now the game has passed,  
Day is nearly o'er,  
Student's somewhat poorer,  
But knows a blame-site more.

Only one deaf-mute in this locality, an old gentleman whom I have not as yet seen.

HYPO.

### Wedding Bells.

On the 2d of April, at the residence of the bride's parents, 258 12th St., Brooklyn, the respective friends of Mr. Wm. E. Smith and Miss Elizabeth Alexandra Coppock, late a pupil of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, assembled to witness the performance of the marriage service, uniting them in the holy bands of matrimony.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, New York, was the officiating minister.

The room was tastefully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The bridesmaids were Miss Emily Coppock, sister of the bride, and Miss Katie Baldwin, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, while Mr. Waterman and Mr. C. Coppock supported the bridegroom. As the wedding party entered the room the grand march was played by Miss Barbara Bliss.

The happy couple received many valuable handsome and useful presents from their friends, who all joined in hearty congratulations and good wishes for their future welfare.

Among the guests present were the following from the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb:—Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., Principal; Miss P. Lewis, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. R. Cooke, Mrs. Stein, Miss Katie Baldwin, Miss G. Decker, Miss Williams, Miss Ray, Miss Ryer, Mr. G. S. Porter; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Frederick Waterman, Mrs. Freeman, Mr. G. W. Gross, Mr. Wm. Rader, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. D. Steele, Mrs. Frager, Mrs. Heideck, Mr. Joseph Rawlings, all of Jersey City; Mr. Walter Smith, of Rockland Co., N. Y., Mr. C. H. Smith, of Freehold, N. J., Mr. G. H. Smith, of Stanhope, N. J., Mr. J. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Grapes, of Brooklyn, Mrs. Cook, Misses Crossman, Mr. T. F. Crossman, Mr. John Cook, of New York, Mr. John Middleton, of Yonkers, Mrs. Grantegein, of Brooklyn, Miss E. Grantegein, Mr. Geo. Grantegein, Mr. F. Grantegein, Miss C. Grantegein, Mr. L. Werner and lady, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Adeock, of New York; Mr. W. Walton, Mr. Geo. Callaghan, of Brooklyn; Miss B. Bliss, Miss L. J. Ginger, Miss M. C. Coppock, Miss N. Coppock, Mr. C. Coppock, of New York, Mr. H. Coppock, of Brooklyn.

Letters of congratulation and presents were received from Mr. H. Cartens, Messrs. Turner and Bunnell, Messrs. Northrop and Mackey, Mr. J. D. Hall, Mr. Arthur Cook, Mrs. Frank and Miss Matern, who were unavoidably absent.

After the ceremony the guests were invited to partake of a splendid and bountiful wedding supper, furnished by the parents of the bride, to which they all did justice.

After supper, the party adjourned to the drawing room where dancing was indulged in, (Miss Bliss presiding at the piano) interspersed with vocal and instrumental music by the Misses Crossman, Miss Lily Ginger, Miss O'Brien, Messrs. John Cook, Wm. Walton, Thos. P. Adeock, John Middleton, Horatio Coppock, Arthur Scott and others, and, as every one did his or her best on the occasion, a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent.

The flowers, bouquets and decorations were furnished by Mrs. Frager, of Jersey City.

The bride and bridegroom took their departure about 1:30 A.M. amid a perfect shower of rice, old slippers and good wishes.

# RELIGION.

Letters on religious matters, and religious intelligence of all kinds, will be printed in this column free of charge.

### Services in the Sign Language.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

An odd and impressive spectacle was witnessed yesterday morning in the chapel of Grace church. The assistant rector, Rev. A. W. Mann, clothed in the vestments of his office, stood before the altar with prayer-book in hand. Before him were a score of persons, some young, some old. At stated intervals they knelt or assumed a standing position, resuming their seats at a signal from the rector. Not a word was spoken. Not a sound broke the hushed quiet of the pleasant spring morning, save the distant murmur of the voice of the rector in the main body of the church.

The service was for deaf mutes, and it was a great occasion for them. Rev. A. W. Mann is a fine appearing gentleman, with a head and features denoting intellectual power, but he, too, is a deaf-mute. He was educated at the Indianapolis institute, and after teaching at Flint, Mich., he entered the ministry. He is canonically connected with the diocese of Ohio, but works in other dioceses. His field extends from the Alleghenies on the east to the Missouri River on the west, and embraces thirteen dioceses. He holds services at stated intervals in the principal cities, and, of course, travels many miles. Within his field there are about nine thousand deaf mutes, more than one half of whom have been educated at the different state schools, which are not asylums, although referred to as such by almost everybody. Mr. Mann has been at this work nearly ten years, during which 280 deaf-mutes and their children (not mutes) have been baptized; about 230 are communicants, of whom about 20 belong to Grace Church, Cleveland.

His sermon yesterday morning was from Romans 6: 9. After the service in the chapel the mutes repaired to the main body of the church.

Mr. Clendenin, the rector, reminded his hearers that yesterday was Pastoral Sunday or Good Shepherd Sunday, and his sermon was based on the text, "I am the Good Shepherd." After the sermon, the holy communion having been administered by Mr. Clendenin, the deaf-mutes went forward and Mr. Mann gave them the sacrament. The wonderful rapidity with which conversation is carried on in the sign language was illustrated by the repetition of the following passage in the service, it being much more quickly rendered by Mr. Mann than by Mr. Clendenin.

"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul into everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving."

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a larger congregation of deaf mutes assembled in the main body of Grace Church and listened to a sermon by Mr. Mann. Prior to his arrival the mutes engaged in conversation. It is seldom that a body of them is assembled, and they enjoy with a keen relish an opportunity to be together. Three young ladies sat on a front seat. One of them was remarkably pretty. How earnestly she talked, and how rapidly she made herself understood! She used both arms, throwing them about her head in swift but never awkward gestures. Her two companions nodded and smiled and sometimes three of them would be conversing at once. Their fair white hands frequently came together in loud claps that were the only sounds to broke the silence. Behind them sat a young man of powerful physique, communicating with a youth who had a habit of moving his mouth as he talked. The motions of his lips were so earnest that it seemed as if the next moment he would solve the to him sealed mystery of speech. A fine looking man with a full beard sat in a circle of mutes of young and middle age. One was a matron with spectacles and another an extremely plain young lady. The earnestness with which she joined in the service and the look of sweet contentment that rested on her face, made it almost beautiful.

When Mr. Mann entered, the conversation ceased, and the service at once began. The mutes joined in the responses, their hands moving in unison motions. A Bible class of young people came in and was seated in one corner of the church, and the low murmur of their voices as they recited the day's lesson was the only sound to disturb the stillness of the building. Nothing could exceed the grace of the mute rector's motions as he conducted the service. At the close of the second lesson the rite of baptism was administered to George W. Reading, a young man of Colamer.

At the close of the service a *Plain Dealer* reporter interviewed Mr. Mann, who said that the number of deaf-mutes seems to be on the increase, which is due largely to disease. There is at present an average of one deaf mute to sixteen hundred inhabitants. He said that there are about one hundred and twenty-five in Cleveland.

Mr. James Lewis is expected to conduct sign services on Sunday, May 10th, as follows:

At 11 A.M., in Trinity chapel, Newark, N. J. At 2:30 P.M., in Christ Church, Bedford Ave. Brooklyn, E. D.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GENERAL GRANT still continues to improve rapidly.

The cholera is spreading in the province of Valencia, Spain.

The half-breed rebellion in Northern Canada has quieted down somewhat.

SEVERAL persons were burned to death at a bonfire house fire in this city, which took place a few days ago.

At Pittsburg, Pa., a brewery caved in, crushing 10,000 barrels of beer and flooding the streets with the fluid.

The boiler attached to the Tremont Hotel at Galveston exploded, killing four persons and injuring several others.

The lower house of the Pennsylvania Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting public sparring or boxing exhibitions.

The Anglo-Russian trouble has assumed a more peaceful aspect. Both powers have agreed to submit the matter to arbitration.

A DEAD body, shipped to Pittsburg, in a trunk, has caused much consternation in that city. It is a parallel to the St. Louis horror.

In regard to Mormons emigrating from the United States to Mexico, the government officially announces that any coming will have no concessions granted them, but they are at liberty to come as other immigrants subject to the laws of the Republic, which forbid polygamy.

EARLY on Monday morning, fire broke out in the engine-room of the Rail Department of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company's steel mill, at Scranton, Pa. Owing to the dry and inflammable character of the building, the flames spread rapidly, and



# PHILADELPHIA.

## Preparing to Honor Laurent Clerc.

### VARIOUS NOTES.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In regard to the Clerc Literary Association, it will be remembered that the deaf persons are to have a prospective brilliant celebration, such as a love, festival, and a theatrical entertainment, etc., combined if possible in honor of the anniversary of the birthday of our immortal friend, Laurent Clerc, under the auspices of the said society, which is named after our late benefactor, on the 26th of December, 1885. Well, we are informed, on excellent authority, that the committee of three are Messrs. H. W. Syle, Geo. Siifer and W. R. Cullingworth, who are to be appointed to arrange for it on condition of the approval of the members of the Clerc Literary Association, at the regular business meeting next month. The gentlemen are worthy to undertake so great a position, to cater to such pleasant people as the mutes and their friends. This affair will undoubtedly eclipse that of the 8th of February, 1871, on the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

Prof. Thomas J. Trist, favored the society with a very fine lecture, which chained the attention of the audience for about two hours. The subject has escaped from our memory. Mr. Robert M. Zeigler did the society a favor by trying to make the audience believe that the execution of Charles I. King of England, was not justifiable. Little Repearsister differed with the lecturer. We suggest that they be invited to debate at the society, and it will be of great interest to the deaf people.

The welcome presence of our valuable friend and companion, Mr. Brewster R. Allabough, has flown from our midst like a bright summer, and his excellent as well as brilliant companionship will be greatly missed for some time, as he has gone to New York, where he has been offered a lucrative position by a life insurance company of New York City. We, the deaf-mutes, earnestly wish him a brilliant future and all the success possible, and his name shall always remain fresh in our memories, which time and vicissitudes of life can never obliterate. We, deaf-mutes, are waiting for his speedy return, with the understanding that an offer of some good position awaits him, if any vacancy occurs in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company Building. Prior to his leaving this city for New York, some intelligent mutes had a closeted intercourse with Mr. Allabough in regard to organizing a new club, something like the Gallaudet Club, of New York. But much to their disappointment, he was compelled to go away, leaving many of his good friends behind him. Therefore, we miss him sadly.

We were told by a genial salesman for the well known shoe manufacturer, of this city, that he cast many glances at deaf-mutes drinking beer excessively in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and also their excuses were that they could not drink water, which was very muddy or very dirty. Mercury should charter the Steamship Great Eastern "to be equipped with temperance lecturers, to be sent to the said city."

Mr. Washington Houston was seen trying to skate on rollers at Sixth and Columbia Avenues, with his back bent and the arms and hands stretched out, amid the laughter of some mutes whom he did not notice.

The arrangement for the picnics is in order. Lots of sun, to be sure. Keep your eyes on the splinters. The C. L. A. committee have selected NeShamney Falls as the place to where the deaf-mutes and friends will go picnicing on the 17th of July this summer. There is talk of having another excursion after the 17th of July.

The Clerc Literary will receive some valuable volumes (about 40, if we are not mistaken) from Rev. Dr. Clerc, the son of the late Laurent Clerc. If so, accept our congratulations.

We notice that some deaf-mutes of this city contemplate making a trip, say to Chicago, in order to seek a fortune. Mr. J. Lewis, formerly of this city, who went away to Chicago, for that purpose, sent a letter to his friend here advising them not to go west unless they feel sure to get themselves well posted up, or they would be greatly disappointed. Mr. Franklin P. Zell, please bear this in mind.

The reporter came in contact with Michael Palmer, whose hands seemed as if he had boxing gloves on. It leaked out that he had saved a girl from being burned to death and got his hands badly scalded, but is on the road to recovery. The girl who was terribly scalded, will recover. The cause of the fire was her foolishness in trying to ignite the fire with coal oil.

Mr. Spy wishes to say that he wishes Jim Jams, Mr. and Mrs. Guss, and his classmate, Solid Muldoon, and the others, to accept his thanks (1001) for their choicest congratulations upon his marriage. Mr. Spy hopes that it will not take long for them to adopt his motto, which is "needles and pins, needles and pins, when a man marries, his trouble begins."

For the sake of "Jim Jams," the witty correspondent of St. Louis, we concede that the St. Louis Club will be the coming champion, if nothing hinders the ability of the pitchers;

but, alas! they will not be ahead of our mighty Athletics in batting. The Athletics has a heavy stock of players except two. The fact is that the weakest spot in the Athletic Club is the pitcher. Should the managers of the Athletics secure a better pitcher, of course there will not be any room left for us to doubt that your gift edged (?) St. Louis will find herself in the back ground. At the present writing, the effigy of "Jim Jams" has been hanging on the gas pipe more than one year, is still on the pipe and will be so until the St. Louis Club will win the pennant. Yesterday afternoon we paid a flying visit to the head of Kibride's Insane Asylum, which is considered as the largest one in the world. It will await "Jim Jams" presence, should the St. Louis Club be at the tail end of the American Association. It is because he has grown to be a base ball crank.

Solid Muldoon's letters put in a very fine appearance in the JOURNAL. We hope that dear Mike will continue doing so, for the benefit of all the readers. Will you write a letter to me once again.

Mr. William A. Bond, the Editor of the Leader, insisted that Mr. A. L. E. Crouter, the Principal of the Philadelphia school should resign, through his paper. Well, we know a man very well, who made a good fortune by minding his own business. Now, Mr. Busybudy, you had better go your way, and you might seek a better fortune by ceasing to bulldoze every body. It does not pay well to cry out against every body.

A young man who had formed an attachment to a young lady, went to her father's house to ask his consent to their marriage. The old man, who was terribly deaf, was standing on the door step as his daughter's lover approached. The front door commanded a view of a meadow in which a cow was feeding, and while Mr. C. was looking in that direction, the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with great emotion, commenced the task he came to perform:

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said the lover, in a very loud tone.

"She is a fine beast," replied the old gentleman, looking at the cow.

"Your daughter," screamed the young man, "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet response.

"(Confound the old cow, said the young man in a low whisper, "I wish she was out of sight."

"I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter."

"She is very kind, indeed, never breaks down the fences, never kicks over the pail, never strays away, like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of your daughter at the boarding house."

"No, I never put a board on her face. She never does any mischief at all."

"Your daughter," shouted the young man, frantic with excitement and vexation.

"Did you say I ought to?"

"No, Sir. I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady away from home."

"Oh, yes; I have plenty of room, but I think she is too weak to keep much longer. To tell you the truth, I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable, and feed her on chop stuff for a few weeks."

"Great Heavens!" remarked the young man to himself, "What shall I do? This deafness will be the death of me. I will try once more, and if this effort fails, I will resort to pencil and paper."

"I should like to say a word or two to you respecting your daughter."

"I shall let the butcher have her by and by—if he will give me price," said the old man, with emphasis.

As a last resort the young man used his pencil and paper—showed his letters of introduction handsomely endorsed by men whose opinion was good authority on the delicate question on the tapis. After a little cross questioning and a little hesitation, the old gentleman gave his consent, and when the parties were married, he declared that it was the best haul he had made in all his life.

Mr. William Cullingworth, who started in business for himself last February, is going to publish the historical album, presenting many pictures of the different schools, (besides explanations) and he will be skillfully assisted by the Rev. Mr. Syle. The books will be out in a few months.

The confirmation, which should have taken place last Saturday evening, was postponed until the 15th of May.

Yours truly,  
PHILADELPHIA, 5-4-'85. Mr. Spy.

Earn your own bread and see how sweet it will be. Work and see how well you will be. Work and see how cheerful you will be. Work and see how independent you will be. Work and see how happy your family will be. Work and see how religious you will be; for before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy.

Dan Rice, the circus clown, is running a ten-cent circus in the French quarter of New Orleans. He talks sadly of the old days when his Floating Palace was the sensation on the Father of Waters and thousands upon thousands of people swarmed from far and near to see him. He gave an entertainment a few nights ago when not 300 persons were present, and about one-third of those were professional and other deadheads.

## Excursion, Etc.

The mighty thunderings of "Ajax" for an excursion by a deaf-mute society in New York City is very appropriate in one sense, but out of place in another. He begins by ridiculing the aged and venerable Manhattan Literary Association. Any one may kick a man, or society either, when he or it is down. Then he goes on to laugh at the Catholic Society, but a little further down his main point is trotted out. He wants the Guild to have an excursion so as to prevent or dishearten either of the existing societies from having one. But methinks that his *nom-de-plume*, is going at it the wrong way. The Entertainment Committee of the Guild is no "lah-de-dah bric-a-brac, kid glove" Committee. Neither did the M. L. A., to our knowledge, ever claim the title of being the leading society of the United States. Outsiders called it such, and in truth we think it is. Silence or failure in an effort does not prove anything. The editorial in the same issue as "Ajax's" valetudinary was timely and appropriate.

"Ajax" doubtless has no experience in this line. He is one of those who go in for all the fun, and do none of the work. We now see the truth of the line of Homer's:

"The man who acts the least upbraids the most."

We cannot help thinking Homer must have served on a committee of arrangements for a picnic or excursion. No one but one "who has been there," knows the continual fault finding the other members of a society (not on the Committee) give the persons managing the affair. Besides, the expense of an excursion is not such a small matter as it may appear, and the profits expected by the society are often ridiculous. We are told that the excursion expenses of the C. L. B. U. last year were over \$300, \$225 being paid for the boats (the Crystal Stream and the barge Myers).

If deaf-mutes wish to have some fun they must pay for it. Fifty cents a head is a very small amount individually, but will make a big sum totally. We are not a member of any of the New York or Brooklyn societies, but make it a point to attend all entertainments which offer any special inducements. Is it so with others? How can a society undertake to risk its money on what may be a failure. If every deaf-mute in New York would only co-operate and help each society to provide pleasures and excursions for them, there would be a different showing. We must confess the Manhattan Literary Association made a mistake last year, in placing its faith on the word of an ignorant member, who recommended Cedar Grove, as a suitable place. Experience is the best of all teachers. But things are not in such a state that another excursion is out of question. Up boys, and at it.

The real reason the Catholic Literary Benevolent Union are not to have another excursion, is that all their back-bone and enterprise seems to have vanished. In truth they seem to have become lazy. But there is no surer sign of the decay of a society than when it gives up its usual yearly entertainments. The rise and influence of the C. L. B. U. was rapid and surprising. Is its annihilation to be likewise? There is room enough in which all the New York societies could have excursions.

We do not think the Guild would care to risk a hundred and fifty or a two hundred dollar check on such a risky speculation as a deaf-mute excursion. It is a dangerous experiment. Besides it could not be run on what we think is "business principles" if held under the patronage of the Guild. What are business principles? Business principles are those principally which we go in to make the greatest amount of money we can at the least expense and taking no notice of what is called "sentiment." Sentiment is a first class thing, but when it comes to an excursion, especially a deaf-mute excursion in New York, sentiment should take a back seat in the gallery. The only way to make an excursion a success is to sell the bar and lunch privilege to the highest bidder. He may give one or two hundred dollars for it, if he is allowed to do as he thinks best, but when it comes to temperance principles it will be a \$10 or nothing. Any one who expects to pay for all expenses by the tickets sold, is generally on the wrong track. While crime is licensed, as in the case of selling liquor, "do as the Romans do." "Ajax" suggests, twenty good fellows go to work and bear all expenses and run an affair for the Building Fund. A good plan, my fine fellow, but will you head the list?

The Gallaudet Club, the C. L. B. U., and probably the M. L. A. are the only New York societies that could venture to undertake such a risky thing. But the M. L. A. seems to be discouraged, the C. L. B. U. has only to awake, but for all we know the Gallaudet Club may be making preparations to enter the ranks. It will be a bad thing for the C. L. B. U. if it gives up its excursion or picnic this year.

NESTOR.

## Keep to the Right.

Keep to the right, as the law directs, For such is the law of the road; Keep to the right, whoever expects Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right with God and the world, Nor wander, though folly allure; Keep to the right, nor ever be hurled From what, by the statute, is yours.

Keep to the right, within, without— With stranger and kindred and friend; Keep to the right, nor harbor a doubt That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, whatever you do; Nor claim but your own on the way; Keep to the truth and stick to the day, From mortals till the close of the day.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## Base Ball.

### GREENERY.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The Kendall Base Ball Club has been doing better work on the diamond this season than it has done for several years past. Up to date it has played four match and several friendly games, with the strongest amateur clubs of the district, and, of these games, it has lost only one. The success with which it has met, is owing in great part to the diligent coaching of Manager Hanson, but the individual players have also merited commendation by their willingness to give up other pleasures in order that they might prepare themselves to uphold the buff and blue. Following is the score of a game played with the "Alerts" last Friday.

ALERTS.										
	T.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Donnelly, a s.	4	0	0	0	3	0				
Acheson, p.	4	0	0	0	7	1				
McCauley, 3 b.	4	1	2	0	0	1				
Webster, 2 b.	4	1	2	0	0	1				
Crosby, c.	4	0	1	6	0	2				
Russell, 1 b.	4	2	1	11	0	6				
Trench, 1 f.	4	2	1	1	1	1				
Keeney, c. f.	4	2	2	3	0	0				
Collins, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0				
Total,	36	10	11	10	12	14				

KENDALL.										
	T.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Lynch, p.	0	5	3	4	3	2				
Hyde, 1 b.	5	2	3	8	2	1				
Hock, s. s.	5	3	3	2	3	0				
James, 1 f.	5	4	2	0	0	0				
Dobson, c. f.	5	1	0	1	0	1				
Berg, c.	5	3	0	6	4	1				
Hennetrot, 3 b.	5	2	2	2	2	1				
Edgerton, 2 b.	5	2	2	1	0	6				
Thompson, r. f.	4	1	0	2	0	0				
Total,	40	21	19	23	14	11				

	INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
ALERTS.	2	1	3	0	3	0	0	0	10	
KENDALLS.	1	0	3	2	0	2	13	21		

It will be seen from the score by innings that the Alerts were ahead of the Kendalls until the eighth inning, when the large score made by our club placed it far ahead. Heavy batting and clever base running was what won the game. Lynch is probably the best pitcher the Kendalls have ever had, but his delivery is so swift that it has been impossible to find any one to catch for him. Berg filled the position well on Friday, and very few balls passed him.

The Kendalls played a game with the High School nine this afternoon, which resulted in a victory for the Kendalls, by a score of 21 to 13.

The features of the game were Hyde's work at 1st and Heck's work at 2nd base, and the heavy batting and clever base running of the Kendalls. Had our club been a little more careful, the visitors could have been shut out altogether.

The first of the certificates, to which reference was made in a former letter, was awarded to Mr. Lyons, of '88, on Thursday morning previous to his departure for home. The document specifies the studies in which Mr. Lyons made a satisfactory record during his three years' course, and states that he was honorably discharged from the college. Lyons is seriously ill, and the doctors do not think that he can recover, but it was thought best to send him home to his friends, in hopes that the change of the scene and climate might benefit him.

A number of the lady officers of the Primary Department, and several students, attended the wedding ceremony of Miss Kate Neeman and Dr. Dwore, on Wednesday, and partook of the refreshments provided at the home of the newly married pair. Kate sent a big slice of cake to the Seniors.

Arthur Bryant went to Gettysburg this morning to attend the soldiers' reunion and explore the battlefield.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet held services for Deaf-Mutes at Ascension Church yesterday morning, and lectured in the College Chapel on the afternoon of the same day.

The Ephphata Sunday School will go on an excursion to Mount Vernon, on the 16th inst.

Dr. Gallaudet will give a reception to the Ducks and Freshmen to morrow evening.

The Kendall Tennis Club has decided to hold a tournament on Decoration Day. As nearly all of the Vespers' best players will be out of town on that day, it will be impossible for the Students Club to make any showing.

There is talk of starting a college paper. It will doubtless end in talk. The Board of the K. B. B. C., expect to invite the Johns Hopkins to come down and cross bats on our diamond soon.

The Gymnasium season has ended, but the students are still required to work pretty hard in preparing for the Presentation Day exhibition. Day after to-morrow will be Presentation Day, and want the Seniors look sleek, and want there be lots of spouting and fun, and pretty girls, and chaffing students, and spring bonnets, and canes, and ribbons, and buff and blue rosettes!

GASTON.

May 4, '85.

The London Sportsman recently contained the following advertisement: "Wanted—A cultured gentleman, capable of milking goats. A university man preferred. Application, with testimonials as to proficiency, to be addressed, etc."

## FROM MINNESOTA.

We are peacefully anchored in a lovely country, so the saying goes now-a-days. When Spring begins to send forth her fragrances. The winters of Minnesota have the reputation of taking a flying leap into the lap of Summer, and we are inclined to believe it, judging from the last week's experience of extra fine weather. After several weeks of real boisterous and piercing cold winds. All together, we can only hope we have arrived at a period where we can rest peacefully in Summer's lap for an indefinite length of time.

While Mr. Noyes was away to New Orleans, some bad boys, evidently of the Peck type, became conscious of the absence of a steering head, so undertook to turn things topsy turvy, and have their own way generally. But since his return, the gaps have been mended and wayward Bullies brought to their senses, and now everything runs as smooth as marriage bells. We can boast there has not been one pupil in the hospital this term for any length of time. "All well!" consequently, all healthy and well taken care of at that. Fairbault is a healthy region to live in, but it doesn't follow a person will find it what people out in Texas call a healthy country. To make a long story short, Fairbault Society is all right if you can get in. Our boys evidently know the value of a healthy body in an active mind. We have no gymnasium, but two ropes were swung over the branch of a tree thirty feet from the ground, and rings purchased of a blacksmith, so they have rings in one part of the woods and in another some kind of parallel bars—that makes up our universal exercise medium for the present. Our head monitor, Mr. Ochs, seems to be cracked on a horizontal bar—to make the leg he had broke last year healthy, so has taken up a subscription and set up one. Several of our boys are getting broad shoulders, and Wolfe may hit Billy Patterson some day. All these cumbersome things for exercise are good in themselves for time being. Next week the workmen will start to build new shops, and it is the intention of the powers to have a well equipped gymnasium in the basement of the new building. Our baseball ground, which, by the way, a good specimen of an Ohio farm, with its knolls, etc., will be levelled down and wild oats sown for seed.

Next year, we can expect to have a respectable Gymnasium and a decent court to play ball and lawn tennis on. There will be a reunion of old graduates here, June 24th, and so far it promises to be a success. It will be our first attempt at organization, we do not expect to eclipse similar assemblages held in older schools than ours, but expect to perfect an organization that will do credit to our school hereafter. The executive committee, consisting of Messrs. Spear, Dean and Kelly, have done all in their power to reach the graduates that are scattered all over the state. We expect to have several speeches from our best men.—Messrs. Smith, Hanson, Spear and Dean.

We are as much excited as any of our worldly brethren about the War East of us, North of us and South of us. Our Canadian teacher, Mr. Watson, does not expect to be exactly drafted in upon his return home this vacation, but we think the Queen cannot afford to let any of her robust young men run idle just now and camp out.

Last Friday, four of our teachers, two ladies and two gentlemen, (all single) sought a furlough and made a flying visit to Minneapolis and St. Paul. They report meeting Mr. and Mrs. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Spear, and Miss Isham, all hale and hearty and just preparing their spring duds in expectancy of a mild summer.

Messrs. Smith and Thompson were seen in St. Paul. They had just returned from a big duck hunt, and report 500 killed, all told.

Our graduates, this year, will number six, and they are all quite busy preparing their essays for the closing exercises. We have no college candidates among the three boys who intend to step out in the world.

Perchance we do not have an other article for the JOURNAL before school closes, we wish to thank "Gaston" for his interesting letters to the JOURNAL, which we greatly enjoyed. Also, Mr. White for enlightening the readers, of which we are one, about Utah and the Mormons. Hoping we all remain staunch Gentiles, Republicans and Democrats up to date.

SABIN.

## NEW YORK.

Rumor has it that the M. L. A. is going to give an excursion sometime next July, but as to the truth of it we cannot vouch since we have not had the honor of being one of the initiated. However from what we have heard, putting that and that together, there seems to be a division among the members as to the disposal of the proceeds of the proposed excursion. It appears that some of the members are in favor of giving what profit they get to the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, while the other members wish to swell the association's treasury. Now gentlemen, you know that your society will have to close its doors very soon, and in the face of that fact, why not dissolve with honor by having the excursion and giving the proceeds to the Building Fund? If you do, the "M. L. A." has not existed in vain. It will be an honor to yourselves and a blessing to your disabled brethren, and should you take our advice and give it for sweet

charity's sake, we do not hesitate to say that it will be a decided success.

The Guild held its regular monthly meeting on the 28th of last month, but owing to the weather we were prevented from being present. We have it from the best of authority that a certain member of the "Guild," who cannot attend the meetings, urged upon Mr. A. A. Barnes the necessity of having an excursion, but whether that gentleman acted upon the suggestion or not remains to be seen. We see no reason why this society cannot give an excursion. All of its entertainments have met with great success. We feel sure that an excursion by the "Guild" would be well attended and the profit great.

Verily, "Ajax," thou art a jewel. We read your article, "Wanted—an excursion," in last week's JOURNAL. We think you are a good preacher, but we have never seen you practice what you preach. You were offered the Chairmanship of the excursion committee of the "Manhattan Literary Association," last year, but you refused because as you said, you had too much to do, at this same time making no secret of the fact that you would willingly accept if the association paid you for it. Now you propose, in case the "Guild" does not get up an excursion, that twenty mutes act as managers of an excursion in Aid of the Building Fund of the Home. Very good. But, "Ajax," why not take the matter in hand yourself. As a way of encouragement, we would advise you to increase the Committee to thirty, that you may have sufficient help to absorb the moisture from your muddled wits.

Lee W. Bailey, the rising young artist, is succeeding very well. He is constantly receiving orders from all parts of the country. Some time ago, he received an order for a picture which he executed for the neat sum of \$400. He has a charming studio on Broadway, in the World Building.

What has become of "Hypo"? Was he taken for a freshman, at one of the colleges he is visiting; and laid out for wearing a silk tie?

Mr. I. N. Soper and W. L. Walters were seen last week sunning themselves in the presence of two of Gotham's fairest daughters.

TUTO.

## Gallaudet Club.

At eight o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, April 28th inst., about twenty members of the Gallaudet Club sat down to a supper in Hotel Hungaria. The Club celebrates each year the anniversary of its organization, with a dinner for members only, at which the newly elected officers are installed. It differs from the annual celebration of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, on December 10th, inasmuch as on that occasion the deaf-mutes everywhere are invited to participate.

President Barnes gracefully retired from office with a neat little speech, and added that, at the conclusion of the "feed," Mr. W. G. Jones, the Vice-President, would act for his successor, who, on account of death in his family, was not present. The members who sat around the tables represented the cream of deaf-mute society and the intelligence of their class. Many of them appeared in faultless swallow tails. Here and there a diamond shone from a glossy shirt front, and a lone solitary would occasionally gleam from some one's finger, adding greatly to the brilliancy of the well lighted room. In the meantime the waiters were busily serving the following

MENU.		
Celery,	Oysters on half shell.	Olives.
SOUP.		
Mock Turtle—Club Style.		
FISH.		
Broyled North River Shad, <i>a la Maitre d' Hotel</i>		
ENTREES.		
Fillet of Beef, <i>a la Richelieu</i> .		
Chicken Croquette		
Peas.		Lima Beans
ROAST.		
Philadelphia Capon, <i>au creusson</i> .		
Lettuce Salad.		Choice Compot
DESSERT.		
Vanilla Ice Cream.		
Cheese.	Cafe Noir.	Cakes



